

just to get an audience with just a great man, a great human being, to get advice, to get direction, to get support. He always made you feel as if he was interested in your point of view.

He asked me what books I read. When I told him, he said, I want to read that book, and he did. He made you feel like you were making a contribution.

The greatness of Jack Murtha—aside from being a great husband and father and war hero and devoted representative of the people of Johnstown and his congressional district—part of his greatness was his expectations, his expectations about what it meant to be an American, someone committed to equal justice, equal opportunity, and integrity. His integrity was unquestioned and unquestionable.

I just hope that we remember, Madam Speaker, when we think of this great, gracious, generous, gentle giant, Jack Murtha, we remember not only his expectations for himself, but we remember his expectations for each of us. He had it of his staff, he had it of his committee members, he had it of all of his colleagues of the House that we behave as true American patriots and leave America stronger, freer, more just, and a greater Nation—as great as he believed America to be. He demanded greatness from all of us and that we pass on that legacy for our country, our fellow countrymen and women, for generations to come.

Thank you, Mr. Murtha, for all you have done for us, and we hope to repay all that you have done for us by giving back to our country and creating the kind of country that you fought so hard to make.

We will never forget you, sir. Thank you. God bless you.

IN TRIBUTE TO REPRESENTATIVE JOHN P. MURTHA OF PENNSYLVANIA

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from Iowa (Mr. BRALEY) is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. BRALEY of Iowa. Madam Speaker, some people may wonder why I am standing here tonight, because almost everyone who's spoken before me knew Jack Murtha longer and better than I did.

But one of the things that I want to share with everyone who cares about Jack is my first meeting in his office, because Jack came to the door and greeted me, and as we were walking in, I looked up on the wall of his office and I saw that famous photograph that Joe Rosenthal took of the flag-raising on Iwo Jima, and it was signed by Joe Rosenthal. And I stopped the chairman, and I pointed it out to him, and I told him that my father landed at Iwo Jima the same days that those flags were raised. And in that instant, Jack Murtha became my friend for life.

And we talked about the photograph, and I showed him that over the shoulder of those Marines on Mount

Suribachi, you could see down on the shoreline on Green Beach LST-808, which was the landing ship tank that dropped my dad off on Iwo Jima 65 years ago yesterday.

And after that moment, any time I had a question or a concern or a problem that affected the men and women in my district or my State that served this country in uniform, I knew where to go, and I went to Jack Murtha.

And one of the amazing things about how all of this unfolded is Jack and I had talked about this year being the 65th anniversary of the invasion of Iwo Jima, and we talked about going there together. And unfortunately, because of his tragic loss of life, we never had that opportunity.

And I think about that because my dad died 29 years ago, and so many things about him were like Jack. He landed as an 18-year-old farm boy from Iowa, and he saw horrible things in war. Like Jack, he saw one of his good friends vaporized by a shell burst, and I have read the story of that account by the commanding officer of the core artillery that my dad served under, Colonel John Letcher.

One of the things that I did recently was I got a chance to tape the veteran's history interview of my cousin, Richard Braley, who, like my dad, was a Marine and served in Vietnam as an officer, just like Jack Murtha. And one of the things that is so special about people like my dad and my cousin and Jack Murtha is you never forget and you're always faithful.

So when my dad died 29 years ago, one of the most emotional things that happened was when my cousin flew all the way back from Hawaii so that someone would be at that small rural cemetery where he was buried to play taps, and he played it on his trumpet. And then he came up to me at the very end with tears in his eyes, and he said, I wonder if you could help. I brought this with me and I would like to put it in the casket. And I looked down and in his hand he had a small silver medallion with the words "Semper Fidelis" on it.

And when I heard these stories about Jack Murtha all afternoon long, one of the other things that reminded me of was how mad my mother used to get when my dad would stop and pick up hitchhikers, because she didn't think it was safe for him to be doing that. And I think my dad and Jack Murtha realized after the hell that they had lived through on the battlefield, that the rest of their lives was gravy.

And as I was listening here to all of these amazing stories about Jack, I was thinking to myself, I wish my father had lived to meet Jack.

And then it suddenly dawned on me that he probably has.

IN TRIBUTE TO JOHN P. MURTHA OF PENNSYLVANIA

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentle-

woman from Maryland (Ms. EDWARDS) is recognized for 5 minutes.

Ms. EDWARDS of Maryland. Madam Speaker, I rise today to express my condolences to the family of Jack Murtha and to pay tribute to him. As a relatively new Member of this body, I knew Jack Murtha only briefly, but I am so grateful even for that.

One day very early in my tenure here in Congress, I needed some guidance on a military issue, and everyone told me I needed to speak directly with Mr. Murtha. I have to admit I was just a little bit intimidated. It wasn't just his size and the boom of his voice and his upright carriage, but I knew he knew stuff and that he could guide me. But to my great surprise, Mr. Murtha was so wonderful to me. His advice was sage, his generosity was unlimited, his inquiry was precise, and his kindness and gentleness were truly genuine. And from that moment forward, I am honored to have been guided by his good counsel.

I can still see on occasion when I sit in the Speaker's chair a twinkle from his eye, and when it got a little rough, a little bit of a nod from that back corner.

On a personal note, Jack Murtha remembered that I grew up in a military family, and he asked me about my father's and my brother's service and my experiences growing up. And I talked to him about being a candy striper and reading to our service men and women at veterans' hospitals.

And I know that he cared deeply about our servicemembers and about their families and about the special obligation that we owe to them. He understood more than so many the call to service and the importance for political leaders to carry that at the forefront of all of our decisions on questions of war and peace. And his passion was so evident. And I know that my family and all of our servicemembers and their family members are so much better off because of Jack Murtha's service in this body, his service to our Nation, his commitment to them and to their service.

And so I am really grateful, Jack, to have even had just a moment in time with you, and I only hope that in my service here in the United States Congress, I can carry myself forward with the kind of honor and duty and courage with which you served.

□ 1915

REMEMBERING CHAIRMAN JACK MURTHA

The SPEAKER pro tempore. Under a previous order of the House, the gentleman from North Carolina (Mr. JONES) is recognized for 5 minutes.

Mr. JONES. Madam Speaker, my heart ached so much last week when I heard that the chairman, and that's what I called Jack Murtha, Mr. Chairman, that he had passed on. My father served in the Congress for 26 years. I